

A MONDAINE'S VIEW OF VENUS.

Men will rave about the Venus—
Her of Melos—though her waist
Would drive any woman crazy
If she couldn't have it laid.

Each preposterous proportion
May do well enough in art,
But you really can't imagine
Venus ever looking "smart."

Any French modiste will tell you
That she never could be chie
With that waist. I vow 'tis nearly,
If not quite, a half yard thick.

Oh, of course she "goes" in marble,
But she'd hardly be a belle
In a "gown." You'd never
Think her "swagger" now nor "well."

A la mode she'd be a monster,
Would the goddess, and it grieves
For the souls to fancy
What she'd look like in big sleeves.

Venus never would be "in it,"
And the men who rhapsodize
Over her form would, were she mortal,
Be the first to criticize.

Were the goddess gown'd in fashion
Then, for all her wondrous face,
They would find her figure "vulgar"
And declare she'd better lace.

—Boston Globe.

THE COST OF A TRAIN

At the time when the first open court of law was established in Russia a lady, dressed with the utmost elegance, was walking on the Moscow promenade, leaning upon her husband's arm and letting the long train of her rich dress sweep the dirt of the street.

A young officer, coming hastily from a side street, was so careless as to catch one of his spurs in the lady's train, and in an instant a great piece was torn out of the costly but frail material of the dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madame," said the officer, with a polite bow, and then was about passing on when he was detained by the lady's husband.

"You have insulted my wife."

"Nothing was farther from my intention, sir. Your wife's long dress is to blame for the accident, which I sincerely regret, and I beg you once more to receive my apologies for any carelessness on my part." Thereupon he attempted to hasten on.

"You shall not escape so," said the lady. "Today is the first time I have worn this dress, and it cost 200 rubles, which you must make good."

"My dear madame, I beg you not to detain me. I am obliged to go on duty at once. As to the 200 rubles, I really cannot help the length of your dress, yet I beg your pardon for not having been more cautious."

"You shall not stir, sir. That you are obliged to go on duty is nothing to us. My wife is right. The dress must be made good."

The officer's face grew pale. "You force me to break through the rules of the service, and I shall receive punishment."

"Pay the 200 rubles, and you are free," said the quickly changing color in the young man's face betrayed how inwardly disturbed he was, but stepping close up to them both he said, with apparent self command:

"You will renounce your claim when I tell you that I am a poor man, who has nothing to live on but his officer's pay, and the amount of that pay hardly reaches the sum of 200 rubles in a whole year. I can therefore make no amends for the misfortune except by again begging your pardon."

"Oh, anybody could say all that, but we'll see if it's true. We'll find out if you have nothing but your pay. I declare myself not satisfied with your excuses, and I demand my money," persisted the lady in the hard voice of a thoroughly unfeeling woman.

"That is true—you are right," the husband added, dutifully supporting her. "By good luck we have the open court now in session. Go with us before the judge, and he will decide the matter."

All protestations on the officer's part that he was poor, was expected on duty, and so forth, did not help matters. To avoid an open scene he went with them to the courtroom, where the gallery was densely packed with a crowd of people.

After waiting some time the lady had leave to bring her complaint.

"What have you to answer to this?" said the judge, turning to the officer, who seemed embarrassed and half in despair.

"On the whole very little. As the lateness of the hour and being required on duty compelled me to hurry I did not notice this lady's train, which was dragging on the ground. I caught one of my spurs in it and had the misfortune to tear her dress. Madame would not receive my excuses, but perhaps now she might find herself more disposed to forgiveness when I again declare that I committed this awkward blunder without any mischievous intention, and I earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

A murmur ran through the gallery, evidently from the people taking sides with the defendant, and against long trains in general and this lady in particular.

The judge called to order and asked, "Are you satisfied with the defendant's explanations?"

"Not at all satisfied. I demand 200 rubles for my torn dress."

"Defendant, will you pay this sum?"

"I would have paid it long before this had I been in a position to do so. Unfortunately I am poor. My pay as an officer is all that I have to live on."

"You hear, complainant, that the defendant is not able to pay the sum you demand of him. Do you still wish the complaint to stand?"

"I wish it to stand. The law shall give me my rights."

There ran through the rows of people a murmur of indignation that sounded like a rushing of water.

"Consider, complainant, the consequence of your demand. The defendant can be punished only through being deprived of his personal liberty, and by that you can obtain no satisfaction,

while to the defendant it might prove the greatest injury in his rank and position as an officer who is poor and dependent upon his pay. Do you still insist upon your complaint?"

"I still insist upon it."

The course the affair was taking seemed to have become painful to the lady's husband. He spoke with his wife urgently, but without effect. The judge was going on to further consideration of the case, when a loud voice was heard from the audience:

"I will place the 200 rubles at the service of the defendant!"

During the silence which followed a gentleman forced his way through the crowd and placed himself at the young officer's side.

"Sir, I am the Prince W— and beg you will accept the loan of the 200 rubles in question."

"Prince, I am not worthy of your kindness, for I don't know if I shall ever be able to pay the loan," answered the officer in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Take the money at all events. I can wait until you are able to return it." Thereupon the prince held out two notes of 100 rubles each, and coming close to him whispered a few words very softly. There was a sudden lighting up in the officer's face. He immediately took the two notes, and turning to the lady handed them to her with a polite bow.

"I hope, madame, you are satisfied."

With a malicious smile she reached out her hand for the money.

"Yes. Now I am satisfied."

With a scornful glance over the crowd of spectators she prepared to leave the room on her husband's arm.

"Stop, madame," said the officer, who had suddenly become like another man.

"What do you want?" said the lady, casting a look upon him as insulting as possible.

"I want my dress," he answered, with a slight but still perfectly polite bow.

"Give me your address and I will send it to you."

"Oh, no, my dear madame, I am in the habit of taking my purchases with me at once. Favor me with the dress immediately."

A shout of approbation came from the gallery.

"Order!" cried the judge.

"What an insane demand!" said the lady's husband. "My wife cannot undress herself here."

"I have nothing to do with you in this matter, sir, but only with the complainant. Be so good as to give me the dress immediately, madame. My affairs are urgent."

The pleasure of the audience at the expense of the lady increased with every word.

"Do not jest any more about it. I will hurry and send you the dress as soon as possible."

"I am not jesting. I demand from the representative of the law my own property, the dress," said the officer, raising his voice.

The judge, thus appealed to, decided promptly.

"The officer is right, madame. You are obliged to hand him over the dress on the spot."

"I can't undress myself here before all these people and go home without any dress on," said the young woman, with anger and tears.

"You should have thought of that sooner. Now you have no time to lose. Either give up the dress of your own accord, or—"

A nod that could not be misinterpreted brought to the lady's side two officers of justice who seemed about to take upon themselves the office of my lady's maid.

"Take your money back and leave me my dress!"

"Oh, no, madame! That dress is now worth more than 200 rubles to me."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Two thousand rubles," said the officer firmly.

"I will pay the sum," the weeping lady's husband responded promptly. "I have here 500 rubles. Give me a pen and paper, and I will write an order upon my banker for the remaining 1,500."

After he had written the draft the worthy pair withdrew amid hisses from the audience.—From the French.

Swiss Swords, Spanish Pike.

The prowess of the Swiss infantry is generally dated back to Morgarten (1315) or forward to Sempach (1386), but in reality it can be traced to a generation or two, some say a century and a half, before the former action. Be that as it may, Morgarten first announced the fame of the Swiss to Europe. Sempach raised it still higher, and finally the three terrible defeats of Charles the Bold at Granson, Morat and Nancy (1476-77) established it forever.

From that time the Swiss became the model of Europe. The German knights adopted their weapons and tactics, and even for a time their name, while crafty little Louis XI set 6,000 of them into his pay and set them to teach his Frenchmen their work, for all Europe required to learn true soldiery, to obey orders and, above all, to preserve formation, which has been the secret of the Swiss victories. Before the fifteenth century was passed came Charles VIII's celebrated expedition to Italy and his entry into Rome, wherein the carriage and order of his Swiss mercenaries were the amazement of all beholders.

It was the French interference with Italian affairs that spread the new discipline abroad, for among the opponents of the most Christian king was a man of genius, the general of Ferdinand of Aragon, Gonsalvo of Cordova, known over all Europe as the Great Captain.

He, when the campaign was ended, in 1498, took the remodeling of the Spanish forces in hand and laid the foundation of the famous tercios that were soon to supplant the Swiss companies in the pattern for European infantry. It was in the Spanish tongue that the pike was first named the "queen of all weapons."

—Macmillan's Magazine.

AUTUMN FASHIONS.

Sailor Hats—Navy Blue Serge and Mousse-line de Soie.

A modified sailor hat is now being worn by French holiday makers. It is of the regular sailor shape, with a medium crown and brim, but the edge of the latter turns up squarely all around about a half inch. A thick ruche of ribbon is placed around the crown, and on each side is a tall ribbon egret. The ruche may be of lace or chiffon for delicate use.

Navy blue serge is much worn. It is largely combined with white, gold and red being also used in the form of cordings. Narrow braid and buttons, especially the latter, are liked for trimming. Mousse-



DINNER NOTICE.

Line de soie is used largely for millinery purposes and also for evening dresses, blouses, flannels, and, in fact, for all purposes where a delicate, sheer, fine fabric is required.

Among the favorite colors now prevailing are brown of all shades, yellow, gray, which is exceedingly fashionable in Paris, heliotrope blue and light green. Red is also worn—indeed it is too warm and satisfactory a color ever to go out of style entirely—and is largely employed for fancy waists.

White kid gloves, which up to a few years ago were considered permissible only for evening wear, are now to the front in broad daylight. They came forward about five years since and have kept a more or less prominent position up to now, although they are by no means desirable for street wear. They make the hand appear large, they soil with one wearing, they must be bought new continually, and they are expensive. Only in wash leather are they suitable for general use. The roughness of that material fits it for ordinary purposes, and its durability and washable nature excuse its whiteness. White wash leather gloves are quite proper with all light summer gowns as well as with winter ones with which they correspond, but white suede and kid gloves look almost as incongruous and vulgar in the street as do wooden heeled fancy shoes, but not quite, for these last mark a lower class of taste and refinement than do even rags.

A picture is given of a dinner bodice of pale green crepon, opening over an accordion-plaited vest of rose silk gauze, trimmed with an application of gold embroidery on rose velvet. The elbow sleeve of accordion-plaited rose gauze consists of one large puff and two small ones and one adorned with a chain of green crepon. The collar and belt are of the same material, with choux of rose gauze.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

COMBOS AND MATERIALS.

Combinations of Green and Blue—Suitable Belts, Passementerie and Buttons.

Cornflower blue is still worn, while blue and green is a combination entirely a la mode just now.

If you will persist in wearing a round belt and yet wish your waist to look small, have it encircled by a black band, without bow or choux, secured simply by a buckle of gold, silver or steel. It is only slender women who can afford to wear a belt at all, and even then that accessory is more suitable to a girl in her teens than to a mature woman.

Passementerie and brilliant buttons are the fashionable trimming for alpaca gowns, which are the reigning autumn favorites.

It is said that plush and velvet striped silks will be fashionable this winter, the mode just now.

White is very fashionable just now, as are all bright and conspicuous colors. In fact, brilliant colors have ceased to be conspicuous because they are so much worn.

Satin, moire and peau de soie are employed for wedding gowns, especially satin. Mousse-line de soie often forms a plastron and ruffles and ruffles for the bodice. The most fashionable skirts are cut with godets, have a long train and are quite plain.

Although with costumes of ceremony stockings of the same color are preferred, black hosiery continues to be most worn for ordinary occasions.

The costume shown in the sketch is of rose and green glace taffeta, with green spots. The skirt is laid in three box pleats in front, between which are panels of ceru lace. The blouse bodice has also three pleats in front, similarly separated and ornamented with red silk buttons. The gigot sleeves are of silk ornamented in front with platings of ceru lace held at the shoulder by knots of rose satin.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A good sewer always selects a thimble which has a plain or nearly plain rim, so that the thread will not catch. Gold thimbles, with ornaments set round the edge, are pretty keepsakes, but are not of much use. A good thimble has deep holes to prevent the needle from glancing off and striking the hand.

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